



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**"JUMPING HEART FUND"
STARTED BY 'CYMBAL'**

A few of the members of Carmel's volunteer fire department have an idea that they would like to give a big Christmas party this year to the children of the firemen, following it, perhaps, with a dinner for the children and their parents, too. The dinner idea would depend on the amount of instrument and means they are able to obtain in coin of the realm.

We understand that one or two other members of the department frown on the idea because, they say, if we raise money for that it will be difficult to raise sufficient funds for furnishing the fire house. We are glad there are only a "one or two" who look on the thing this way. We are also rather tickled that the majority of the men take the attitude that furnishing the fire house be damned if it stands in the way of a Christmas party.

We have always particularly liked the idea of spending money for things that do not one solitary thing beyond jumping the heart a beat or two. We have always particularly liked buying baubles, mere bagatelles and firecrackers. In fact, we are openly glad when somebody tells us that THE CYMBAL is just a bauble, a mere bagatelle, a firecracker. We like its being that. And how we particularly admire the increasing number of people who spend their money for it—the sillies!

So, we're for the Christmas party for the firemen's children and we herewith recommend it as something you can contribute to and know that your dollars or pence will go to the jumping of hearts—that, and nothing more.

We know the man in the fire department to turn over to whatever you send in to us for the purpose. Address your contribution to the Jumping Heart Department, CARMEL CYMBAL, Box 1800, Carmel.

**LET'S CLAMP DOWN ON THIS
"HOLIDAY OF DESTRUCTION"**

Carmel appears to have a "boy problem." Fortunately this doesn't mean that our male juveniles generally are running wild, but that we have one or two youngsters who over the past two years have manifested complete disregard for other people's property. Last week Mrs. Elizabeth Curran returned one afternoon to her home in the Mission Tract to discover almost every window in the house shattered. Evidences were clear that the glass had been broken by shot from air guns. Investigation showed that earlier in that afternoon two boys had been ordered off the Mission Ranch property because they were shooting at birds there. Further investigation placed the responsibility for the Curran property destruction on these same boys.

One of them, according to the police, has been the ringleader in similar depredations in Carmel over a period of two years or more. Ransacking of unoccupied houses is charged to him and it is believed by the police that he led the assault on post office boxes a year ago.

We don't pretend to know what to do with this boy; we admit that we are as much at a loss to solve this particular human problem as are the police and the school authorities, both of whom have been

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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REPORT MADE BY HUMANE SOCIETY ON FINANCES

Up jumps the Humane Society with a financial report—or, that is, up jumps Guy Curtis with it.

It's a nice-looking financial report. It adds up and it subtracts all O.K. It shows a balance, albeit a tiny one if you compare it with the gross income. It is signed by F. E. Wood, secretary-treasurer.

The first page (there are two pages) bears the inscription: "Report No. 3." On this Mrs. Millicent Sears, erstwhile secretary, recently forced out of the position, rises up and exclaims. She says the "3" is an error; that there has only been one previous report and that was in June.

As far as the city of Carmel is concerned, this report should be No. 1. Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, says the city has never before received a financial report from the Humane Society even though the city gives the organization \$200 a year besides all the dog licenses which, this last eight months, totalled \$392.10, according to the report.

However, here is the report, (slightly condensed by us) right

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CITY CLERK TO MAKE REPORT ON AUDIT

Saidee Van Brower's long-delayed reply to the Clayton Shaff city audit which, on paper, tends to show that the city clerk is short some \$2600 through omission of assessments and failure to collect penalties and interest in improvement district accounts, will be presented to the city council at its meeting next Wednesday night.

Miss Van Brower has decided on this, according to her statement to THE CYMBAL this week. She has not been doing nothing in the matter, as one might be led to believe by her silence, but has been assiduously in her spare time checking on Shaff's figures and his authority for them. She declares that in almost every instance she has discovered contingencies which show her not to have been in error as the auditor claims. In other instances she declares that she has found errors on the part of the auditor.

One of her most recent discoveries was Shaff's overlooking of a tax delinquency list which shows that in cases where she did not record collection of assessments, she did note the property owner's delinquency. Shaff, in his report, claimed in many instances to have found no assessment payments and no delinquency notations.

In fact, says the city clerk, after the whole thing has been sifted to the bone, the city will find that errors which can be traced to her will show a total loss to the treasury of only a paltry dollar or two.

She has recently been endeavoring to obtain legal advice from an attorney, but this has not yet been forthcoming. She now intends, however, to make her own statement, unaided by legal assistance, and she promises it will be a good one.

Burge Wants Nixon, Night Watchman for Merchants, Under Police Jurisdiction

CITY GETS TAX BILL ON TENNIS COURTS FROM COUNTY

The city was brought up short yesterday morning—or, at least, Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, was brought up short by receipt through the mail of a tax bill for \$78 levied against our pet tennis courts property.

What means this? wondered the city clerk.

Yes, what means it? echoes Councilman Joe Burge, who informed THE CYMBAL some time ago in council he urged that the city formally and officially annex the property, deeded to us by the Del Monte Properties company. If such had been done, says Burge, there would be no tax bill from the county.

"That's one of the things Argyll Campbell didn't do," says Burge.

But Argyll Campbell, asked about it by us yesterday, says it didn't seem to be done.

"If the city received a tax bill," he says, "it is probably because of the tax lien on the property made in the interim between the deeding of the property to the city and the recording of the deed. Naturally a tax lien follows the property, not the owners. All that it is necessary for the city to do is to ask for a cancellation of the taxes from the time the deed was recorded transferring the property to the city for playground purposes. The county will not tax city-owned property used for such purposes solely."

ONE BIG TREE TO GLOW ON OCEAN AVE.

We may have only one lighted tree as our uptown Christmas decoration this year, but if the present plans of the majority of the business men and women work out successfully it will be some tree.

It will be, in case you are palpitating, that great big towering pine that stands at the Mission and Ocean corner of the municipal park. Offside, to be sure, but attractively offside, we think. We have had 'em for years in the center of the street, and we have had two and three of them. We have never had one like this one—symmetrical, almost ragged, but for all that a lovely big tree that can be seen afar. The top of it is visible at many points away from Ocean avenue.

The one-tree idea is almost forced upon the Business Association. It seems pretty definite that there will be no donation of \$70 coming from the city this year. The city finds itself without many fifty-dollar pieces, what with Mr. Shaff's extravagant services, and other things.

HORSES KILLED WHEN DRIVEN FRANTIC ON HIGHWAY

Two persons were hurt, one in a manner seriously; three horses are dead and a third probably permanently lamed, and two automobiles and an auto bus more or less smashed, because someone as yet unidentified broke down a part of a wire fence surrounding the pasture used by Bettie Greene on the Walker property across the county road from the Carmel Mission.

This all happened last Sunday evening, shortly after dark, and was directly and maliciously caused by two or three truck loads of OCC boys who discovered the four loose horses beside the highway at the top of Ocean avenue and with honking horns, flashing lights and yells drove them frantic and into the oncoming automobiles from Monterey.

The first impact was struck by the Carmel-Monterey bus near the highway turn opposite Carmel Woods. Marshall Wermuth, in swerving sharply in the endeavor to avoid the wild, racing animal, hit the second horse. A third was hit by Peter Ferrante's car, which was following the bus. The fourth was struck by the car of Cecil Abbett of Salinas.

Two passengers in the bus were hurt when thrown from their seats by the impact with the frightened horse. They are Mrs. Jack Kelone of Carmel who suffered a fractured ankle, and Mrs. Carl Radbruck of Carmel, who received cuts on her face. Both were given first-aid treatment in the Peninsula Community Hospital.

The animal hit by Ferrante was killed outright. It was Tony, the black pony, ridden often by Carmel children and sincerely mourned by them. It was owned by Myron Oliver of Monterey and was eight years old.

Gay, a mare, had her leg broken by the bus and was shot on the highway by Chief of Police Robert Norton. Sonja, a gaited horse, also hit by the bus was taken to Bettie Greene's stables in Carmel, but was found to be suffering so severely from internal injuries that it was shot in the corral by Policeman Earl Wermuth. Dixie, a five-year-old mare, hit by Abbett's car, was treated for a belly injury by Lynn Hodge, who arrived on the scene shortly after the series of accidents, and she is now in the Bettie Greene corral. It is feared, however, that her shoulder will be permanently lamed.

With news of the series of the fatal accidents which spread over Carmel Monday morning came the report of the frightening of the horses by the truckload of OCC boys and expression of condemnation.

(Continued on Page Four)

TELLS BUSINESS MEN OFFICER IN UNIFORM IS CONCERN OF CITY

Councilman Joe Burge is still after our friend, D. E. Nixon.

Last year he forced him out of the police department and now, in a sense, he wants to put him back again—but not on city pay.

Burge has informed the Carmel Business Association that as commissioner of police he believes that the businessmen's night watchman should be under city police jurisdiction.

Burge points out that while Nixon is now being paid only by the businessmen whose stores he guards at night, and is, after all, responsible only to the businessmen in the matter of his vigilance and his hours, yet he wears a police uniform, a star, carries a gun and can make arrests. Therefore, argues Burge, he should come under the jurisdiction of the police department, report to police headquarters regularly and that, in a word, the police should know where he is, what he is doing, and how.

The police, of course, can't order Nixon around, or send him out into the woods after burglars, but, of course, in case of an emergency, such as riot, or the arrival of an organized band of burglars starting operations all at once all over the city, he might be called upon to render assistance.

Anyway Burge wants Nixon pinned down. He doesn't want him wandering loose all over the city. He doesn't want him in an independent position where he might stand behind packing boxes in an alley and thumb his nose at our chief of police. He wants him to report to police headquarters, and he has so notified the Business Association. The association will consider Burge's request at its next meeting on December 10.

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CARMEL PLAYERS INVITE YOU TO MEET WITH THEM TUESDAY

Carmel Players are having a meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock in the Filmarte Theater. Members are requested to come, prospective members are urged to come and all friends of amateur dramatics in Carmel are cordially invited to come.

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HANKE AND WHITMAN OFF FOR NO REASON AT ALL

Paul Whitman and Ad Hanke have gone hence—for what, nobody seems to know. They've just sort of gone. They are motoring, so 'tis said, to Mexico City and from there they are taking a train or something to Guatemala. Why does anybody go to Guatemala? We don't know. They won't be back until the first of the new year.

struggling with it for some time. It would appear that this boy is heading for one of our state reform schools. That might be a good thing if these schools were what their name implies. But they are not. They do not reform—rather, they perform—perform the functions of training a boy for state prisons. Students of social welfare all agree in branding public reformatories as stepping stones to penitentiaries.

The only solution to the problem we can suggest and, we fear, it will not be effective in relation to the present culprit, is more emphasis on the part of the schools, the police and the city government on community responsibility. We have not included the home because the home is obviously the root of all good and all bad in children. If it functions properly there is no need to worry. Our solution is for when it does not function, as in this present case apparently.

How would we apply our plan for emphasis by the police, the school and the city government? We would begin to apply it on the evening of the last day in each October. We would put a stop to the observance of Hallowe'en as a holiday of destruction.

We cannot understand why it is that the adult human being will smile at, or countenance wanton depredations on one day and call the police or demand damages for the same depredations the next.

If it is O.K. for a 12-year-old boy to tear down your fence and make off with any of your property on the evening of October 31, why isn't it all right on September 11? Or, to put it the other way, if it is wrong for him to do it on September 11, why is it all right on the evening of October 31?

But we are not thinking so much about your fence or your property, we are thinking more about the boy. Any time, anywhere, anyhow a 12-year-old boy can destroy property with any kind of impunity that boy is hurt, hurt worse than the property owner. Because one hurt is material and, perhaps, mental, while the other is moral.

If Hallowe'en could be changed to a holiday on which respect instead of ravage is the lesson; if it could be designated as a day on which boys and girls could be taught consideration for possessions of others rather than contempt for them; if the schools, the police and the city government could combine in this, the lasting gain would not be in the saving of fences and garden and signs, but the strengthening of character where the home has not given it strength.

It is our belief that the present permitted observance of Hallowe'en contributes largely to the twisting of minds such as directed the fire of air guns at Mrs. Curran's windows.

—W. K. B.

BONDASHU INTRODUCES NEW STYLE OF MUSIC IN BALI ROOM AT DEL MONTE

A style in music new to Del Monte is being featured each Friday and Saturday evening in the Bali Room by Neil Bondashu and his orchestra, currently playing a six weeks' engagement.

Bondashu's band is famed for its "subdued swing" type of music. It features smooth, flowing rhythms that tickle the feet of those who like to dance, but do not grate on the ears of the many who choose to sit and listen.

Last week-end, Bondashu's opening, saw Bali Room records for Friday night broken. More than 300 Peninsula's were on hand to greet the San Francisco aggregation on its first local engagement.

DOG DAYS—AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

There have been innumerable inquiries from various young blades about the village as to the identity of that charming French poodle who is visiting here for a few days. Alas, all that we can say is that Mademoiselle is travelling incognito with her mistress who, also, is travelling incognito.

This is her first trip to America and Mademoiselle likes it immensely. "And American men, they are very amusing," she says, rolling her eyes outrageously.

Mademoiselle, true to the French woman's fondness for black, wears it entirely. Her chic coiffure was the object of many envious feminine glances.

Two active members of the wire-haired set are the beautiful Judy Warren and her son, Tommy. Judy will be long remembered as one of Carmel's loveliest debutantes. Tommy has inherited a full measure of his mother's charm. His handsome features have stood him in good stead, for a year or so ago Tommy became lost, strayed, or stolen, his mistress, Maryann Warren, made a wood-cut of him and had posters made from it and put them up all over the Peninsula. Someone way over in Watsonville, or some place, recognized Tommy from the poster and sent him home.

Judy and Tommy make a striking pair as they go about together, the dainty little creature walking beside her stalwart son.

The smartest dresser among the cockers these days is Cyril Hunter, who is wearing a "Plus Eight Dog Suit," sent him from London by his English cousin, Dudley. The suit is sort of an over-all affair with trouser legs (four of them) and ties up the back. Cyril says that all the chaps on the other side are wearing them in gabardine, or woolen, or soft leather, and that they really are just too jolly.

With all this dressing up the canine citizens, it is getting so that Ocean avenue looks more like Bond street.

Colonel Pio Pico was in town again last week-end. The attractive black and white cocker is a frequent visitor here with his mistress, Miss Barbara Morgan of Piedmont.

The Colonel was in a pet when we saw him because when Barbara took him horseback riding with her that morning, she made him run along behind and he wanted to ride up in the saddle with her. "Whoever heard of a Colonel running along behind?" inquired the aggrieved gentleman.

Baby Boston had a great deal for which to be thankful on Thanksgiving day, for she had found a kind and loving friend. Baby was sick and hurt and hungry the day she wandered into Daisy Bostick's office and begged for something to eat. Daisy Bostick took her in and fed her and then took her over to the doctor to be bathed and attended to. The next day was Thanksgiving and Baby felt like a new dog, she was so happy to have found so kind a friend.

She has been staying with Daisy Bostick ever since. She follows her around everywhere she goes and is simply devoted to her mistress-by-adoption. But Daisy Bostick is a

very busy person and feels that Baby should have a home where she would get more attention. She hopes that she will be able to find just such a home for the little foundling, who is a Boston Bull with a sweet and loving disposition and would be a splendid addition to any family.

DON BLANDING OFF AGAIN TO AUTOGRAPH PARTIES

Don Blanding is going off on another autograph tour. Sunday he leaves for Los Angeles where three book stores are going to have parties for him. They'll sell copies of "The Rest of the Road" and Don will write his name on the fly-leaf for the purchaser with an "aloha" or a "laupahoehoe" after it.

When he comes back, on the following Saturday, he'll bring with him his cousin, Dr. Carl Fisher, prominent eye surgeon, who will be a guest in Vagabond's House on El Camino for a week or two.

Don also informs us that his recent guests, Mr. and Mrs. Al Ball (Armine von Tempaki), have gone away again, but only to pack their trunks and return to Carmel. Until they find a comfortable place to live they will stay at Vagabond's House and then settle down in Carmel for the winter and spring.

RAY BAUGH SHOWS HUNTERS HOW TO SHOOT DUCKS

Judge Ray Baugh, despite his physical handicap of only one arm, showed the other members of the Carmel Duck Club a few things last week-end at Los Banos. The judge bagged the limit both on Saturday and on Sunday.

Up jumps Fred Leidig with a claim to distinction, too. He wielded a 20-gauge gun against the array of 12-gauge ones and he, also, gathered in all the law allows of ducks on Saturday and on Sunday.

Among the members of the club who went to Los Banos for the open season on ducks were Henry Dickinson, Roy Martin, Will Martin, Fred Wermuth, Bob Leidig and Percy Parkes, to say nothing of a score of others whose names do not occur to us at the moment.

OUR BEN SCHAFER DOES UP SPRECKELSITE ON SOCIETY PAGE OF 'CHRONICLE'

On page three of the society section of last Sunday's Chronicle was an "elementary composition by Ben Schafer." Ben did up Geraldine Spreckels in spilled sugar and grease paint as the lady of the Sugar King family who is now in the movies. Our Little Nell is doing himself right proud and should be able to tear up the mortgage any day now.

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WISHARTS SPRUCE UP DOLORES BAKERY

Just what in detail the Wisharts have done to their Dolores Bakery we have neither the time nor the inclination to tell you, but anyway, the only important thing is that they have done wonders. The place has been completely changed as to walls and counters, even the floor

re-painted and shined so you can see your face in it. The new show cases are the last word in such things. You can see the wrinkle in every bun, the shade of every loaf of bread, the hole in every doughnut. "We couldn't improve the quality of our goods, so we improved the place we sell 'em in," say the Wisharts, and so, indeed, they have.

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Serkin To Open Music Society Season

The well known Beethoven Sonata, dedicated to Waldstein, which has long been a favorite of concertgoers, will be the opening number of Rudolf Serkin's concert at Sunset Auditorium tomorrow evening. The eminent young pianist, who has created a furor in the East in the past two years, presents the first of the 1937-38 Winter Series of concerts sponsored by the Carmel Music Society.

From what we hear on all sides, tomorrow evening is going to be a gala occasion. Not only is it the opening concert of the season, but to many music lovers it is the most important. For Serkin isn't "just another pianist." To those who have heard him in New York he is a CAUSE, and their enthusiasm is contagious.

Other numbers on the program are the Brahms Variations on a theme by Handel, which have also been heard issuing from the Greene Studio for the past several weeks. (Anne is hoping to have a lesson on them with Serkin.)

After the Mendelssohn "Rondo Capriccioso" which follows, Serkin will close with a group of Chopin, which includes the F-sharp Polonaise and four Etudes from Opus 25.

Carmel's Oldest Bible Sought By Bodley

Who has the oldest bible in Carmel? or who has the bible with most fascinating or romantic story? Next Sunday is Universal Bible Sunday. The pastor of the Community Church, the Rev. Homer S. Bodley, is calling for an exhibit of bibles of all descriptions. Has anyone a bible in a foreign language, a bible in "braille" (for the blind), an ancient bible, a bible that could tell a missionary or tragic story, a modern translation? Bring it to the Community Church next Sunday morning. There will be a long table for exhibiting and a responsible person in charge. If you want to write up a story with yours, do so. You may bring your bible with you and take it when you go.

The pastor will speak on "My Interpretation of Bible Prophecy." What message does the bible have for our modern day? Did the old prophets know the future for 2000 or 5000 years hence? Why are there parts of the bible which we cannot understand? What is meant by the Battle of Armageddon?

The Rev. Mr. Bodley will have on exhibit "The Gospel of Mark," written by hand by members of his congregation at Arcata, California, several years ago.

PLAY ENTHUSIASTS MEET AS DISCUSSION GROUP

Theatrical activities are at the front in Carmel these days. With the Carmel Players rapidly rising out of their swaddling clothes, the Nativity Play at Sunset promising to be the major attraction for parents and friends on the night of December 16 and the Golden Gulch Theatrical Venture, an established feature over the hill, drama is the ascending star on the right with little or no thunder on the left as yet. Inspired by the smell of grease paint and things in the air a group of enthusiasts met at the home of Harry Hedger last night to form an experimental discussion group which will not only discuss but also work out problems of all sorts connected with the theater from reading lines to make-up and masks.

This Is About a Democratic Donkey Rescued by Guy Curtis Who Still Has a Feeling for Elephants

Once upon a time there was a little burro, who called himself a donkey, as that was the popular terminology for the year 1937. The donkey lived in Monterey on Cass street all by himself in a big vacant lot because he had B.O. (burro odor). But sometimes the donkey broke away, in fact he broke away too often for his owner, and the place he liked best to go to was the United States Post Office in Monterey which is run by a man named Mr. Farley in Washington, D.C., who likes donkeys very much. This particular donkey thought he should be very popular down at the post office and he went there quite often to see if he could get any relief carrots or WPA barley and every time his owner would have to go down and bring him back to his vacant lot in which the donkey lived all by himself because he had B.O. (burro odor).

One day his owner got tired of chasing the donkey so he called up Guy Curtis, who is very fond of elephants, and asked Curtis if he wouldn't rather have a donkey instead because donkeys were so popular in 1937. Curtis said no, he didn't want the donkey and he still

liked elephants but if the owner wanted him to he and Leonard Martin would go get the donkey and feed it some nice Republican hay, which Curtis had around, and then would call up some of the people who claimed to like donkeys and see what they would do about it. So Curtis and Martin got the donkey and fed him the hay and then called up Argyll Campbell and Carmel Martin and as many other people as they could think of to tell them about the donkey that couldn't get relief carrots at the post office but was getting Republican hay right then and seeming to enjoy it. Curtis also told the people he called that the donkey had what seemed to him a very distasteful way of braying . . . something that sounded like "my friennnnnn" and that if the animal stayed near him he would have to change that.

None of the people Curtis and Martin called up seemed to want the little burro, so finally Martin, who is head of the Junior Legion Drum Corps, decided that the little burro would make a very fine mascot for the Sons of the Legion and that is where this story ends.

Annual Bazaar Of Church Is Tomorrow

The annual Community Church food and fancy work bazaar will open at 9:30 tomorrow morning in the show rooms of the Carmel Garage on Ocean and San Carlos. The women of the church have been busy for months preparing for this event and will have many attractive specialties to offer.

Mrs. John Nye and Mrs. Alice Askew will have hot fresh doughnuts at the sale tables all day long bringing the choice crisp circles from their home kitchens in relays. Mrs. Vivé Harber and Mrs. R. J. Hart will be in charge of the cooked food table; Mrs. D. E. Nixon will preside over the candy and Mrs. Homer S. Bodley and Mrs. O. R. Holm will look after the fancy work. Mrs. Elmer Douglas is in charge of the bazaar and she and Mrs. D. V. Graham will decorate the room and tables in a Christmas manner. Everything from peasant aprons to pot holders, potato salad to panocha will be found on the tables.

Of special interest are two articles which were made by members of the Church Auxiliary, a hand-made quilt and a hand-crocheted bed spread. Both articles will be fine buys for someone who appreciates handiwork about the home.

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

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Carmel Players Plan To Stage "Make Believe"

A. A. Milne's "Make Believe" has been chosen by the play committee for the first production of the Carmel Players.

The play, which has much of Christmas in it, will be given at the Filmarte Theater on the evenings of December 23 and 25 with a matinee on December 24 but no evening performance on the latter day.

Charles McCarthy, the director, has started on his job of selecting a cast and first rehearsals will probably be held by the end of next week. The play is for adults but requires a number of children in the cast. Lee Crow, who has been in Broadway shows and at Hollywood, will be one of the principals. "Make Believe" will be the first of the initial series of five plays to be produced by the Carmel Players. It's a sort of Soviet "five-year plan." If things work out well the same system will be tried in a second series.

If there are problems encountered these will be ironed out in a re-organization for the second series.

All tickets for the plays will be 70 cents, unless you happen to want to make a reservation as to exact locations from which you want to see the play. In that case you pay 25 cents more or 75 cents in all.

The first waking thought on Friday morning of more than 3,000 people in the Carmel area is: "This is Cymbal day!" And it's a happy thought.

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| | |
|-----------------|-----|
| June | 677 |
| July | 809 |
| August | 760 |
| September | 717 |
| October | 730 |
| November | 732 |

The November average weekly
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(Carmel, Carmel Highlands and
Pebble Beach) is far in excess of
that of any other Carmel news-
paper.

The First Theater Dines At First Brick House

Trooping down the street from
Jack Swan's theater to the First
Brick House in California last Sat-
urday night were a group of Gold
Coast Troupers and Forty-Niners
on their way to a fine after-the-play
supper of tamales, enchiladas, fri-
joles and good red wine. Senora
de Garcia was at the door to greet
the group and through the open
door to the kitchen could be seen
the Senor and sons, Juan and Nino.
The joyful crowd gathered around
the tables and toasted their hos-
tesses, Dene Denny and Hazel
Watrous, the director of the com-
pany, Lloyd Weer, and various
members of the cast of the First
Theater play. Senora Garcia hon-
ored the diners by performing sev-
eral dances while her son, Juan,
sang. Many years ago Senora Gar-
cia received a gold medal for danc-
ing in one of the South American
countries and those who watched
her the other night could easily pic-
ture the beautiful young Spanish
girl who received that medal. Young
Nino also sang for the group who
joined in with him in the verses of
the old favorite, "Am-
apola."

The Haywire Orchestra with
Dan and Rosalie James and John
Howard played several numbers on
harmonicas with such vim, vigor
and vitality that Connie Clappett
got up and called a square dance
and a dozen or more of the crowd
went through the paces of a Vir-
ginia Reel. Singing, recitations and
impromptu speeches filled the eve-
ning with laughter and gaiety,
which carried on through the night.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A BRAT

There was no one in the Gallery
the exhibit," she said to the atten-
dant. "He has just got a new box of
stumbling. She was one of those
women who look miserable in off-
the-face hats and always wear
them.

"I've brought Harold in to see
exhibit," she said to the attendant.
"He has just got a new box of
water colors, and I thought it
would be so nice for him to see the
paintings. He is quite a little ar-
tist, you know."

"I'm sure he is," said the atten-
dant. "They all are."

She started to walk around the
Gallery. Harold apparently thought
that the oiled floor would make a
nifty skating rink, because he broke
away from his mother's grasp to
execute a few plain and fancy fi-
gures. Before they could stop him,
he had succeeded in gouging several
irreparable furrows.

"He's quite a little skater, too,
isn't he?" said the attendant.

"Oh yes," she answered, wink-
ing. She turned to Harold. "Now
Harold, behave yourself and look at
the pictures." Harold scowled and
thrust a fist into his pocket. He
stared for a while at the oils that
his mother was dragging him past,
and then, failing to appreciate the
paintings through a purely visual
encounter, he reached over and be-
gan to scratch the paint off one of
the canvases.

"Harold!" cried his mother, "we
don't touch the paintings!"

"Oh yes we do," said Harold

with invincible logic. And he
scratched again in order to remove
any doubt from her mind, this time
successfully scraping a generous
slab of yellow ochre from a still
life.

She slapped his hand and he be-
gan to cry. "I'm so sorry," she said
to the attendant, "he is so impul-
sive. It's characteristic of genius,
you know."

"Oh yes," answered the atten-
dant, "the little man probably got
some genuine esthetic satisfaction
out of it. The artist won't mind,
I'm sure. He has other paintings."

They circled the remainder of
the Gallery hastily, she pausing be-
fore each canvas to squint, Harold
following her with a minimum of
attention to the exhibit and a max-
imum of noise. He had just learned
to make a whimpering sound deep
in his throat; he grunted some-
thing like a piglet, too.

Just before they left, she said to
the attendant, "I must bring some
of Harold's water colors for you to
see. He did one of Santa Claus
that looks just like one of those
Russian things. It will be priceless
in ten years."

"Oh, I'm sure it is right now,"
said the attendant.

She smiled and thanked her for
her courtesy and reached for Har-
old. Harold wasn't there. He was
at the far end of the Gallery stand-
ing defiantly before a landscape.
One of his arms was stretched out.
He was thumbing the nose of a
horse.

—ROBERT MELTZER

SIBYL'S CAMERA PORTRAIT MIXED UP BY CHRONICLE

It is not unusual for Carmel folk
to get "into the papers" but it is
sometimes a bit surprising what
"the papers" do with Carmel folk
and their by-products. For instance,
Sibyl Anikeyev made a fine camera
portrait of a Spanish fisherman in
Monterey, a fine strong head. The
Chronicle artist, Ray Minehan, did
a drawing from the photograph
(why?) and the editors of the
"This World" section of last Sun-
day's paper put the drawing on the
front page and in their explanation
on the second page wrote: "a rep-
resentative Alaskan fisherman, a
hardy, square head of Scandinavian
descent." Of course that fitted in
just dandy with Robert Ritchie's
story on the Alaska fishing problem
called "Yes, There's a Catch Somewhere—But Who's Getting It?"
Get it?

WE HEAR LIBBY'S VOICE AND ARE MADE GLAD

A Carmel telephone operator
connected us up with a direct line
to Libby Ley's bedside in the Hotel
Mark Hopkins in San Francisco
Wednesday night. We were thrill-
ed. Especially as we didn't make
the call—Libby did. She says she's
better and pretty nearly ready to
hobble, but they won't let her yet.
She wanted just to talk to us, we
think, but she did have something
darned important to say, too. We
will make it public next week.

CHIC MC CARTHY, DIRECTOR FOR CARMEL PLAYERS, DOES "DR. FAUSTUS"

Charles "Chick" McCarthy, the
guest of honor at the meeting of
the Book Section of the Carmel
Woman's Club at Pine Inn Wed-
nesday morning, was such a success
that Thelma Miller, chairman of
the section, was able to take in sev-
eral new memberships to the Car-
mel Players organization of which
McCarthy is director. McCarthy
gave a fine, intelligent and spirited

reading of Marlowe's "Dr. Faus-
tus."

The Book Section will not meet
again until January because of oth-
er activities during the holiday sea-
son.

Mayor Everett Smith was speak-
er at the garden section of the club
yesterday afternoon at the home of
Mrs. Whitney Palache. The gar-
den section will not meet again this
month.

Mrs. H. S. Greene, who has been
in Driftwood Cottage since the first
of July, left for her home in Beve-
ly Hills this week. Mrs. Greene
is the mother of Jean Arthur, the
screen star.

There will be no December meet-
ing of the Parent-Teacher Associa-
tion.



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IN

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than one

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BETTIE GREENE'S HORSES KILLED ON HIGHWAY

(Continued from Page One)
tion of such action was heard on
all sides.

According to Lynn Hodges, he
was called at his home by telephone
shortly after 6 o'clock Sunday night
and told that there were four loose
horses on the highway at the head
of Ocean avenue. From what
Hodges could learn on the tele-
phone the horses were not racing,
but ambling along the road and by
the side of it.

Hodges drove to the highway,
but by the time he had reached
there the horses were gone and he
was told that they had been driven
frantically down the road toward
Monterey. Hodges went in pursuit
and came upon the scene of the

crashes just beyond the intersection
of Camino Del Monte with the
highway. He informed THE CYM-
BAL later that all the four horses
were sweating heavily and showed
that they had been driven hard. It
is probable that in their wild race,
chased by the CCC trucks, and
confused by the lights of the on-
coming cars, they ran blindly into
the automobiles.

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THIS THING AND THAT

ON ATTRACTING FRIENDS, FEATHERED & FURRY, WILLY-NILLY

A scarlet tanager came and stood upon our head one September noon in Trinity churchyard, lower Manhattan.

Yes, you read it aright.

We know no more than you do about how that red bird arrived at such an unlikely spot.

We're equally in the dark about why he chose to alight upon our own randomly stocked skull.

There comes to mind in this connection, however, our Carmel friend who frequently likens us—with that tender critical concern born of dear companionship—to a hoot-owl. *As crazy as a hoot-owl*—if you must have the idea in its entirety.

If our friend is right, this business of playing landing-field for an excited bird in an ancient graveyard may have been a clear case of like seeking like.

Certainly the brilliant creature was in a wing-beating state of beautiful confusion. Who are we to deny that our own chronic wing-beating and beautiful confusion may—by mysterious laws of its own—have summoned the frightened tanager to come and perch upon the hat and head that housed it?

Our father used to take us duck-hunting in the marshes south of San Francisco, at a period in our young growth when his second-best rubber boots, relegated to us upon such magnificent occasions, swallowed us into their maw entirely, very nearly providing eyeshade as well as overshoes.

Major, the golden cocker spaniel and we down in our boots, would wait cold and wet (yet warmed and dried by perpetual fever of anticipation) while the huntsman out beyond in a spindling clump of tall tulle grass stood bogged down in the gray mud, scanning the gray sky with unending patience.

At that early age our magnetic powers had not been fully revealed. Could our parent have gazed into a crystal ball and there foreseen the scarlet tanager hurtling himself dizzily down upon our hat, he would have staked us out as a decoy.

We have had also our quota of cats and dogs that have loved us, forsaking all.

Not only the neighbor's cat, who purred a rumbling lullaby into our unwilling ears.

There have been others.

Perhaps the most flattering case was that of the wicked Tom who catches rats in the hole-in-the-wall-home-cooking restaurant.

Tom is huge and yellow and very chewed of ear and cheek. Tom's life outside the hole-in-the-wall is one mighty Roman holiday. The life of peace is to him a concept only, and a concept not worth a flip of his sawed-off tail.

But Tom's stature and Tom's coat are superb.

Even before we had sat ourselves down by the geranium pots in the corner, we were in a state of fawning devotion. Kitty, kitty, we said.

Tom lifted his wicked leering old head, looked straight towards us, and—well, we don't know what it is about us, but down he jumped, the whole tawny bulk of him, and came over into our lap.

The lady who runs the hole-in-the-wall entered with our split-pea soup three and a half seconds later.

Catching sight of wicked old Tom nuzzling kitten-like in our arms, she let out a mild oath of astonishment and dropped our soup

—quite all of it, irretrievably—upon the floor.

Two Carmel dogs—half-pint dogs, both of them—have taken us by the skirt and tugged. One earnestly wagged an invitation to come and play; the other yapped and tore a hole in our only purple dress.

We don't mind conjecturing out loud that had we been with Alice, the annoyingly vanishing Cheshire Cat would probably have stayed put.

In the library of a certain college in Pennsylvania—very horn-rim, cerebral no end—thousand-leggers used to drop unbidden upon our book from shelves or ceiling. This at times, mind you, when we were exerting no conscious occult influence whatsoever upon the animal kingdom, and had not the slightest desire for thousand-leggers upon our book.

Even so, they could not live apart from us. . . . Whether a case in point or just a matter of too many thousand-leggers who were losing their grip, we cannot say.

At the University of California Library there was a bat once waiting for us just outside the classic front door. . . . Cross our heart to die. . . . We took him home and named him *Theophilus*.

In the case of the bear in Yosemite forest, our private force of gravity worked in reverse. We confess it in sorrow.

We met full on, without warning. Up on mighty haunches; appalling manicure laid against tree-bark; one long, long look.

Our companion made a shushing noise and started violently towards him—doubtless creating the impression that we were enemies, not friends.

Nothing could have been further from the truth. Believing that to annex a bear by mere personal magnetism would shove all past prowess into dense shade, we for our part were standing breathlessly by awaiting this knockout test.

But the hefty bruin took to his be-nailed and be-padded feet.

We stood grief-stricken and undone—like an alarm-clock kicked over and almost spent, still endeavoring to exert all the occult comethither-left-in-the-sorrow-ridden marrow of our being.

Bitter was our defeat.

The bear loped off a score of yards; looked once more—and took off forever.

It was Carmel the inimitable that gave to us recently a major experience as notable in its way as the episode of the tanager in the graveyard, and a shade more hair-raising.

—We have sworn not to tell it thus upon a public sheet.

Let it suffice then to say that a diminutive four-footed beastie who begins with m and rhymes with house, came to a party which we were trying to be the life of; and in his ecstasy over the strains of *Tristan and Isolde* voluptuously unleashed from the radio-box, scampered frenzied to us, climbing to our thigh—the skin of, not the clothing of, our most horrified thigh.

—EDITH FRISBIE

ALL SAINTS' ANNUAL BAZAAR NEXT WEEK

All Saints' Church will have its annual bazaar next Saturday, December 11, to raise money for the general church fund. Christmas puddings, all sorts of cooked food and fancy work will be on sale. Church members are urged to sign up for their contributions with Mrs. George Reamer.

Personalities & Personals

Bill Millis down from Stanford and Joe Schoeninger from Berkeley were seen nodding pleasantly to each other over the Thanksgiving week-end in spite of all that ruckus a few weeks ago. Who won what game?

Laura Applegarth was hostess to a buzzing collection of bees from the cast of the "49ers" at a cocktail party last Friday afternoon. Laura is staying at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Laura Bride Powers, on Carmelo, and the party was given there. Extra family was down for the week-end from San Francisco so that the party also included Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Applegarth, Adrienne, Allan and Gerald.

Clara Baker's niece, Betty Baker from San Jose, stayed overnight at Miss Baker's home on Monte Verde last Saturday.

Barbara Wood is back in the Library after spending Thanksgiving week with her parents in Santa Paula.

Cries of "We want Pon Fat," came from the dinner table of Tilly Polak's party at Forest Lodge, on Thanksgiving. The genial cook finally appeared on the scene to receive a toast for the excellent dinner he cooked. Miss Polak's party, which included Jane Bouse, Lynda Sargent, Johan Hagemeyer, Herold Brown, Clay and Janie Otto and Remo and Virginia Scardigli, returned to their hostess' studio after the dinner for coffee and talk and music.

Leota Tucker spent the holidays with John and Lita Bathen at their home on The Point. Mrs. Tucker now has a photography studio in San Jose.

Ellen O'Sullivan entertained Mrs. Willis Polk and Mrs. Atherton Russell of San Francisco for Thanksgiving.

Ted Sierka left Monday for Bakersfield to dabble around in oil, or at least try and sell equipment to some of the fields there.

A houseparty of Mills College students took over part of Carmel for the holiday week-end. The party included Phyllis Carmel, Catherine Madden, Ernestine Carter, Nicka Hawkins, Betty Beardsley, Marie Phillips, Ann Oswald, and Jacquie Raifer.

Elizabeth Todd of Carmel, whose marriage to Henry Cross Dahleén of San Jose will take place December 18 at Trinity Church in San Jose, has been the motif for many parties given in her honor. A week ago she was given a tea in San Jose by her future mother-in-law, Mrs. Henry E. Dahleén. The couple will live in San Francisco while Dahleén completes his studies at Stanford Medical school. Miss Todd is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fennings Todd of Carmel.

Sara and Gene Chance were in town over the week-end, spending Thanksgiving day with Sara's mother, Mrs. George W. Reamer, and visiting with their many friends here.

A son, Steven Louis, was born to Mrs. Wallace Johnson (Marion Vidoroni) on November 23 in Long

Beach. Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Vidoroni of Carmel Woods and the sister of Alice Vidoroni.

Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Roosevelt and their two dogs are staying in a cabin down at Big Sur busy manuscripting a new book. In other words Roosevelt, a well known newspaper correspondent, is turning out words and words and Mrs. Roosevelt is re-typing for final corrections and changes and so on. The writer will be the Carmel Forum lecturer for January.

Mrs. Maude Hogle has as her guest for the winter months her sister, Mrs. Chancellor Jenks of Evanston, Illinois. Mrs. Hogle is now making her home in the Teare cottage at Ninth and Lincoln.

E. J. ATTER GETS TECHNICAL JOB WITH SOCIAL CREDIT BOARD IN ALBERTA

The following news dispatch appeared in last Friday's San Francisco Chronicle:

EDMONTON, Alta., Nov. 27—(AP)—Appointment of E. J. Atter of Carmel, Cal., as technical assistant to the temporary Alberta Social Credit Commission was announced today by G. L. MacLachlan, chairman of the Alberta Social Credit Board.

Mr. and Mrs. Atter left Carmel six months ago for an extended vacation in England. We assume that they stopped over in Edmonton on their intended journey back to Carmel.

FOREIGN POLICY GROUP TO MEET TUESDAY

The government and foreign policy section of the Monterey County League of Women Voters, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Howard Clark, will meet next Tuesday, December 7, at 10:30 a.m. at the home of Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff on North Camino Real. Mrs. Daniel Fisk will lead the discussion on the International Labor Council under the League of Nations and the international scene will be discussed by the entire group with some pertinent newspaper editing by Mrs. Ada Patterson.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

Anything that cuts down the time it takes to prepare food, without cutting down on its appetite-appeal (hope that doesn't sound too professional!), is always received by me with an open and welcoming mind. It does seem as though it's difficult to get home the latter part of the afternoon in time to serve a proper meal, doesn't it? And with Christmas shopping now it's harder than ever. So I was only too glad to listen to and save up in my memory a grand fish dinner suggestion Bernice Fraser offered one day a week or so before Thanksgiving. It's got more points than one of the lovely snooty pedigreed pups Jessie Joan writes about so deliciously. This fish-cooking method requires a surprising minimum of time, not more than about 20 minutes, including its preparation and cooking. (This should appeal to the bridge players who come late full of "refreshments" and not much interested personally in a hearty meal although their families, strangely enough, are as hungry as any other night.) With this way there's no fish smell to linger in the house. It also entirely eliminates one of the big drawbacks about cooking fish—cleaning the utensil afterwards. If that doesn't strike home all I can say is you must be one of the lucky few who don't have to wash dishes. And finally, but not least, this method renders fish unusually delicious to the taste.

Now maybe I'd better stop enumerating the virtues and get on to telling you what it's all about. Get any kind of fish fillets which you can cut into smallish pieces. Dip them first into milk which has been very heavily salted—I can't give exact measurements but there was no doubt about the emphasis on plenty of salt. After that, roll the fish in fine bread crumbs (you can get just the right crumbs at the bakery if you haven't any on hand—or use corn meal). And—now here is the important step—place your pieces of fish on a sheet of greased paper on a large flat baking tin, dot with bits of butter and put into a very hot oven (at least 450 degrees) and bake just 12 minutes. When the fish is done and removed from the pan, roll up the paper and throw it out—no messy cleaning-up at all! Isn't that a swell idea! And, as I said before, there's a particularly and unusually delicious flavor about fish prepared this way.

A little planning ahead and some kitchen work in the morning—and you can make this fish recipe the basis of one of those quickly-prepared dinners that render the end of a busy day, if not perfect, at least a lot easier. You probably have your own menu ideas but here's a simple one that goes well with fish à la Fraser Looms (Bernice says it's really an old Boston Cooking School recipe but seemingly not widely known and properly appreciated). While you're doing the breakfast dishes boil some potatoes and after the rest of the routine work is done and they've had time to cool off so they'll cut easily, slice them into a bowl and salt and pepper them, ready to fry at night while the fish is baking in the oven. Coleslaw is especially good with this kind of a meal, so get your cabbage shredded or chopped and leave it in cold water or the refrigerator. It takes only a few minutes before dinner to add

French dressing and a little Best Foods Sandwich Relish Spread mixed together. You can also open a can of beets in the morning and have them ready to heat and serve buttered. For dessert—well, almost anything according to how much time you want to give to it. If your morning is crowded one of the Royal Gelatines is about the quickest and easiest desserts and can be served with (or without) whipped cream. Or a can of whole apricots and some Ritz crackers and cheese make an easy dessert. If you want something more hearty take home a pie from the bakery. But the main thing is the fish—that, as the Y.M. of our family says, is the piece de resistance.

I think that the Thanksgiving dinner I really enjoy most is the one about the third day after Thanksgiving. The first day is all right, of course, being the official holiday, and when I lived in the period which Kenneth Grahame called the "golden age," that was the day of days. Now, however, when I sit down a bit wearily after some hours of preparing the feast, I seem not to get the full savor promised by anticipation. By the third day I have rested and recovered and can finally enjoy every mouthful of the turkey's farewell appearance in a big, juicy, luscious turkey pie! I have then conscientiously, but leisurely and joyously, salvaged every tiny scrap of meat left on the carcass which has been wrecked by the savage onslaughts of two days' appetites. I have dug out every bit of stuffing, and harbored every drop of gravy, and then combined the whole in one big casserole. On top goes my time-saving substitute for pastry crust—small strips of buttered and salted bread. These get crisp and golden on top and absorb some of the delicious juices below—and taking it by and large, we prefer them to conventional pie crust. If you didn't manage to hoard any of the regular gravy, there are substitutes possible, such as a can of chicken soup thickened with flour, or one of the creamed soups, celery or mushroom, according to which flavor you like. I begin looking forward to the turkey pie even before Thanksgiving!

Any time you get worried and bothered by people telling you not to eat white bread or meat or salt or something or other, according to the food fad of the moment, you can get back a sane and serene perspective on things by taking Dr. Logan Clendening's entertaining book, "The Care and Feeding of Adults," and reading over carefully the chapter called 'Just Like Mother Used to Make.' I wish I had space to quote it all right here but let me give you just a few bits at random. "Within our time the advocacy of whole-wheat bread has rested like most specious arguments upon the findings of science. With the development of the vitamin doctrine, it is pointed out that the bran which is removed from white flour and retained in whole wheat contains most of the vitamins of the wheat. This is true, but they are vitamins very easy to supply in other foods on the table. Putting butter on bread supplies much of the lost vitamins of the bran. Milk, which is now largely used in baking bread, supplies more of these substances. Mother has always had

bread on the table, through all the din and strife. She calls it the staff of life; it sort of goes with anything—gravy and milk and peanut butter and sugar and meat, and vegetables, molasses, and water. . . . Then mother always had a pitcher of water on the table. Nobody, so far as I know, has suggested that water is harmful, but the idea is abroad that it should not be taken with meals. It is fattening that way. Just why or how or where are the data to prove this nobody knows, but the idea exists. One thing, however, is certain—most people like to do a little dinking with their eating. And though most of the people who deplore water with meals think it does harm by mixing with the food and making it more readily absorbed, the fact seems to be that it runs along a little trough in the stomach, called the groove of Retzius, and goes out into the intestines almost as soon as it gets in. . . . In addition to the good sound sense of this book Dr. Clendening has written some chapters of "doubts" (doubts about the millennium, birth-control, sex and psychologists) which ought to be read by everybody. They help you keep your equilibrium in a world of confusing and conflicting theories about everything, and they do it in a delightfully amusing style.

—CONSTANT EATER

+

Wissmueller In Vesper Service At Monterey

E. Richard Wissmueller, organist for the Third Annual Bach Festival held in Carmel this summer, will give a Vesper Recital at the Presbyterian Church, 404 Franklin street, Monterey, Sunday afternoon at 4:45.

Wissmueller plays the Cathedral Pique, a Chorale and the great Toccata and Fugue in D Minor of Bach as a prelude, then branches off into works by Stamitz, Yon, Reger, and the magnificent Chorale in A Minor of Franck. A modern touch is "Under the Walnut Tree" by Georges Jacob, and the postlude will be the Finale from Saint-Saens' Christmas Oratorio.

A short devotional service will precede the recital with the Rev. A. E. Clay giving an address on "Religion and Music." As a concert organist Mr. Wissmueller is gaining much recognition up and down the Coast. His degree was taken at the University of Wisconsin, supplemented by study in Paris and Germany.

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Reports Prove Value of Red Cross Here

At the annual meeting of Carmel Chapter, American Red Cross, held at All Saints' Church on Wednesday, the various chairmen of the sub-committees presented their yearly reports. These reports showed a most active year for the chapter in caring for those in need throughout the district.

All of the members present were interested in the report of Mrs. S. A. Trevett, Roll Call chairman. It showed that Carmel chapter had exceeded all previous records of membership with an enrollment of 860, 60 above quota, and proceeds of \$4350, \$500 above quota, from this year's Roll Call. An opportunity will be given for old members, not reached during the period of the campaign, to enroll at headquarters or through a mail invitation being sent out this week. The officials are most anxious to retain the old members, who may have been missed in the house-to-house canvass during the campaign period.

Already Miss Florence Curtin, district chairman, has pledged a number of the women workers for service next year.

Members of Governing Board, elected for three-year term expiring December 1941 of Carmel Chapter American Red Cross are: John E. Abernethy, Mrs. David S. Ball,

Kent Clark, James L. Cockburn, Mrs. John Dennis, Mrs. Fred Godwin, A. F. Halle, Rev. C. J. Hulsey, Mrs. J. Weaver Kitchen, Father Michael O'Donnell, Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mrs. R. R. Wallace and Mrs. Douglas W. Winnow.

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November Not So Hot on Building Permits

Hold your breath a moment and let us plunge into this building permit thing again. November was sort of a slow month at Birney Adams' office and the final total of \$11,748 is some dollars under the figure for the same month last year, \$11,779. The total for building this year through the month of November is \$305,142.15 and for all of 1936 the books show a total of only \$253,294.23 (which may be only to a book but is a lot of money anyhow).

Major permits for the month of November include:

Byron Newell, one-story stucco cottage, \$3,750. A. C. Stoney, builder.

James Doud, remodeling work, \$1500. M. J. Murphy, builder.

Alice Hopkins, two-story house on Torres between Fifth and Sixth, \$2,500. Day labor.

Rita Gonser, one-story board cottage on Santa Rita between Third and Fourth, \$1,600. Day labor.

S. L. Lewis, one-story cottage and garage on Torres between First and Second, \$1,100. Self.

New for December is a \$7,000 house for Mrs. Eda Hoult on Monte Verde between Thirteenth and Santa Lucia. Comstock will build the place which will be a one-story adobe veneer structure.

+

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Helen Slater and Robert Van Garrick are the two new recreational supervisors for Sunset. They will report to the school at 1 o'clock each day and will help teachers in their recreational periods during school time and take charge of the post-school activities in the school yard. At all times they are under the supervision of Otto W. Bardarson, principal. Mrs. Slater and Van Garrick are workers on the Carmel Recreation Project, a WPA feature which is sponsored locally by the board of trustees and the P.T.A. board of directors.

The entire cast for the Nativity Play which will be presented December 16 by the school children under the direction of Madeleine Currey will be announced next week. All the choral numbers and those who have speaking parts are working industriously and may be found wandering about the streets of Carmel either humming or mumbling under their respective breaths.

+

Maxwell Anderson's "Star Wagon," now playing on Broadway with Burgess Meredith and Lillian Gish as leads, will be the third offering of Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox in their play-reading series at the Filmarte Saturday, December 11. A fantastic tale of turn back the clock, the play should provide ample opportunity for the talents of the two readers and actors. Tickets may be obtained from Laura Diersen or at the box office the night of the performance.

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OUR APPEAL FOR BETTER P. O. SERVICE GOES BLITHELY OFF TO WASHINGTON, D.C.

Off to Washington, D.C., this week goes Carmel's appeal for something that borders on efficiency at the Carmel post office. We have addressed the letter that follows to W. W. Howes, first assistant postmaster general at Washington, and transmitted a copy of it to Charles W. Phattenberger, inspector in charge of the San Francisco postal district of which Carmel is a part.

We don't expect a miracle, but we do expect, and we have a right to expect that the office of the postmaster general will give us and those who signed the following petition the courtesy of consideration. We have also the right to expect that an investigation will be made. Certainly those who signed the petition and those who, for strange and various reasons, feared to sign it, can provide the postal inspectors with facts and figures which will prove pitiable inefficiency in the Carmel post office.

It is not enough that inspectors come here and investigate the post office from the inside. It is impossible for these inspectors to trace the misplacing of mail in every case.

Only from those who are served by the post office can all the facts of post office inefficiency be obtained. It is only fair to us that we be given the opportunity to lay these facts before the postal inspectors. And we signers of this petition can do it; we can do it to the utter amazement of these inspectors.

Despite the changes that have been made in staff assignments at the post office, things are getting no better. If you think they are, drop into the post office lobby around 9 or 10 o'clock any night and see the letters laid on the stamp window counter by boxholders to whom they do not belong. This last Wednesday night there were five of them, and no telling how many remained in the boxes to be extracted Thursday morning and shoved back at the clerks.

Last week five subscribers of THE CYMBAL complained to us that they did not receive their papers. THE CYMBAL went into the post office last week on Wednesday night (a day early because of Thanksgiving) and the five papers of those who complained they did not re-

ceive them WENT IN THERE, TOO. What happened to them only God knows, presumably—the Carmel post office doesn't know. Our addressograph machine, with which we stamp the stencils on the copies of THE CYMBAL, has an automatic

feeder. It COULD NOT miss five stencils. Only by the human hand failing to pick up a handful of the stencils for insertion in the feeder could this happen and in that case the missed stencils would contain (Continued on Page Nine)



FLOWERS THAT WILL NEVER WILT

Make Lovely Christmas Gifts

You can almost smell these artistic reproductions of Pond Lilies, Poinsettias, Chrysanthemums and other flowers

CARMEL ART AND GIFT SHOP

Mrs. Carol Edwards

CARMEL THEATRE BUILDING • OCEAN AVENUE AND MISSION STREET

In and Out... of CARMEL SHOPS & ROUND ABOUT

I WAS BREATHLESS—with wonder at all the gorgeous gifts displayed at the Engracia Hat Shop in the Seven Arts Court on Lincoln. It's just the place for a man to find that perfect gift for the lady he would please. There's not a woman who wouldn't thrill at having something new to carry or wear at some Holiday festivity, such as a gold-headed evening bag, or one of those head-bands of tiny white gardenias or silver or gold flowers. She would feel a queen if she were to have a Juliet cap of rhinestones that is the very newest thing. They are showing dainty gold or silver kid belts to wear with dinner dresses and handkerchiefs in a profusion of marquetttes and georgette, many hand-painted. I loved the Ice Box corages in cellophane boxes. In fact I've come to the conclusion that Mrs. Case has shown exquisite taste in her selection of the orders she placed with the Eastern salesmen.

AMONG ALL THE LOVELY THINGS—that caught my eye when I pushed open the Dutch door at Tilly Polak's, one stood out as a most perfect decoration for a Christmas table. It is a centerpiece of four tiers, surrounded by lighted candles. On each platform are tiny carved figurines depicting the birth of the Christ child, after the flight of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem, the Shepherds with their sheep, and cherubim blowing their trumpets to announce the glad tidings. On top is a fan-like arrangement that catches the heat waves made by the candles and causes the entire structure to turn gently around. On the same table is an adorable little grand piano containing a music box that plays a selection of folk songs. Those who love perfume will be delighted with the California flower perfumes in small bottles with artificial flowers on the stoppers showing the kind each contains. To send to Eastern friends, there are redwood boxes with figures of tin. Easterners would also love the wicker baskets holding cones collected from sea level to 9000 feet up. No home will be complete this Christmas without a redwood wreath made of the redwood tips and tiny cones. These and hundreds of unusual and rare gifts may be found at this beautiful shop.

I WANDERED over the hill to Monterey the other day and had the best time at Lial's Music Shop, being surprised at the variety of things one could find to delight the heart of a child. There are small ivory bedroom radios priced as low

as \$14.95 and the nicest portable phonographs with the outsides covered with pictures. There are even special children's records in attractive covers with nursery rhymes and Aesop's Fables and such, a group of three costing only a dollar. If I were ten or thereabouts, I'd ask Santa for one of those toy violin outfits for \$2 or a "Bob Burns" Banzooka set with a saxophone, trombone and so forth. He can find them all at this up-to-the-minute music shop. He could even bring me a miniature accordion I saw there that really can be played. However, not being ten, I'll just ask for a new piano. Somebody would love the music box that plays when you lift the cover to take out a cigarette.

IT'S A DATE—or should be to go to the Community Church Bazaar tomorrow in the Carmel Garage. There will be everything from a pot-holder to—well, to almost anything your heart desires, including food. Best of all, in my opinion, will be the hot doughnuts to be made and sold all day. What a treat!

WORTHY OF A MUSEUM—are some of the rare objects in the Treasure Chest in the Seven Arts Court. Major Hairs brought out for my inspection a bracelet of hand-made silver once worn by a Sheikh's favorite, one Fatima Saharab of Arabia, bought by him from a private collection. He has a great many other beautiful bracelets from all over the world, many with all sorts of precious and semi-precious stones. Entirely new to me were the vases and bowls covered with a lacquer which is made by crushing and fusing turquoises. No two such vases ever come out alike. Quite unusual are the book-ends, figures of men and of animals, cleverly colored, and made in this country. They are works of art. By the way the Major has one of the finest collections of amber in the United States.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG—if you are looking for original Christmas cards if you choose yours at the Carmel Art and Gift Shop next to the Theatre. Mrs. Edwards told me they were all hand-painted or hand-colored and they are so appropriate for sending East with their California scenes and some that are local. Among the gift things I saw was a novel Hurricane lamp with wrought iron base, a bayberry candle inside the chimney and a bit of Christmas greenery tied to the handle. —M. R. S.

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Art Appreciation Talks Are Well Attended

A crowded and enthusiastic group of Peninsula people greeted the opening of a series of talks on art appreciation at Sunset School last Monday night. The talks and exhibit of some 20 reproductions of illustrative paintings are arranged by Dr. Grace McCann Morley of the San Francisco Museum of Art and circulated locally through the Monterey Union High School Adult Education classes. R. J. Gale, on the faculty at Sunset School, is sponsoring the course in Carmel.

An alphabet of art appreciation was discussed by Gale at the Monday meeting. The elements of color and form, line, movement and rhythm, light and design and pattern must first be recognized and then thrown in the background in order fully to appreciate and comprehend the composition just as the letters of the alphabet are learned and then lost in the comprehension of words for their own value.

The examples shown were nicely mounted and represented many different schools and periods from Botticelli to Franz Marc. The next lecture will be some time in January with pictures of the impressionistic and post-impressionistic schools.

+ + +

MRS. WHEELER BECKETT TO SPEND HOLIDAYS IN CARMEL

Mrs. George P. Wintermute had an extra-thankful Thanksgiving this year. Her daughter, Mrs. Wheeler Beckett, wife of the famous conductor, decided at the last minute to make the trip here from Boston by way of Chicago to spend the holidays with her mother. The trip to Chicago was a very special event as it was the first performance of Beckett's Symphony in C Minor, and from there just a short hop to Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckett have been in Richmond, Virginia, for the past six years and Beckett conducted the symphony orchestra there. About 10 years ago he was conductor for the Children's Symphony programs in San Francisco. Recently the couple moved to Boston and have a house on Beacon Hill which they have leased from the owner and designer who also designed the State House.

Mrs. Beckett and Mrs. Wintermute leave today for Santa Barbara and the South and from there Mrs. Beckett will return to Boston and her mother to Carmel where she is busy working on her new home.

+ + +

Franchon Collum and Agnes Burrell of Berkeley spent the week-end in Carmel. Miss Collum is a well known dance instructor in the Bay Region and she and Miss Burrell spent most of their time here with June Delight (Mrs. Jack Canoles).

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Eloquent British Newspaperman Talks In Carmel Thursday on "Can America Keep Out of War?"

Next Thursday night at 8 o'clock in the Sunset Auditorium the Carmel Forum offers one of its outstanding speakers of the 1937-38 series. At this time, George Slocombe, famous British diplomatic correspondent, will discuss as the Forum topic of the evening "Can America Keep Out of War?"

Slocombe was born and educated at Bristol, England. At the age of 18 he entered journalism on the staff of the London Herald and later joined the London Daily Chronicle.

After serving in the war with the Royal Air Force, Slocombe became, in 1920, chief foreign corres-

pondent of the London Herald with headquarters in Paris. He reported most of the European peace conferences, was the first correspondent to be assigned to the famous Italian sit-down strikes of September, 1920, the historical precedent for the stay-in strikes in France and the United States in 1936 and 1937.

Slocombe is an outstanding celebrity and comes to the Forum as part of an American speaking tour which includes appearances before many of the outstanding universities, clubs and forums through the United States. A large and enthusiastic audience for his Carmel Forum appearance is anticipated.

Carmel Pistol Club To Map Program For Next Year's Matches

With lots of new plans waiting to be discussed and several rusty pieces of firing apparatus waiting to be oiled, the 90-odd members of the Carmel Pistol Club should be looking forward to the first big meeting of the season which will be Tuesday, December 14, at 8:30 p.m. in the basement of the P.G. & E. building on Dolores. The meetings will be held the first Tuesday in every month thereafter.

One of the main businesses of this meeting will be the election of officers who will guarantee to stay in town for a little while at least. It seems that over the summer months they have had several presidents, but all of them had to give up the job for some reason or other. Right now the very active member of the organization is Bill White, secretary, and if you can get hold of him or he can get hold of you, you will probably be at that meeting on December 14.

Another thing they are anxious to talk about and possibly do something about at the meeting is an indoor range where the setting sun and bad weather will not bother them. At present the outdoor range is only available to people who can get out in the daytime. It got pretty messed up during the summer but some of the members have fixed it up now so that there is at least something to put the target on.

All those who have not already joined the organization and are interested either in practicing their dead-eye shots or starting from scratch are urged to attend the meeting. The club is for the purpose of promoting good marksmanship. Weekly and monthly matches are part of the program planned. Medals will go to the top shots and also tyro medals will be given for those who have never received a medal before which gives even the poorest rookie a chance.

Art Association Tickets for Pictures Are Being Readily Bought Up

Tickets for the Carmel Art Association Building Fund are going fast but not so fast that you can't step right up with your \$5 and get a chance at one of the seven pictures offered as well as a year's associate membership in the association.

John O'Shea, president of the association, is beginning to wonder if he shouldn't have been a salesman instead of an artist as he has sold more tickets than any of the other members of the board. William Ritschel is second and all the members are working hard at the project which will be a turning point in the present art activities of Carmel. A turning point not only for those young artists who will be especially benefitted by the new workshop-showroom addition to the gallery but also a turning point for the many Carmel people who visit the gallery to see the monthly shows and find it hard to get a clear perspective on the work being shown because they do not know what outside artists are doing. You go into the gallery and see a Ritschel, an O'Shea and a Hansen every month and finally in spite of everything those pictures become names instead of works of art. Some good shows from the outside will give you a fresh outlook and you will find something in the Ritschel, Hansen and O'Shea paintings that you had never seen before. With the new addition will come release from the four walls of the present gallery which sometimes seem to go round and round and round and never get anywhere. With the new addition will come an opportunity

for those young or old artists who have never shown their works before and have therefore never had a real perspective on what they are trying to do. (You can't leave a painting on an easel all the time.)

A suggestion has been made, and a very good one, that some of the private collections of residents might be hung in the gallery for short periods for the enjoyment of all instead of a few friends and family. Embryonic art lecturers will have a fine room for talks on their pet bobbies. Study, sketch classes and discussion groups, where the old hands will give a lift to the new and gain fresh inspiration, are all waiting to light in the new room.

The drawing for the seven pictures will take place Tuesday, December 21, at 4 o'clock. Contributions outside of the ticket sale so far are: C. Chapel Judson and Frederic Burt, \$100, Mrs. George P. Wintermute, some doors and a furnace and Major Ralph A. Coote, electrical supplies.

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WOMEN VOTERS TO HONOR STATE OFFICERS

The Monterey County League of Women Voters has announced a tea for next Tuesday, December 7, at 3:30 at Pine Inn, instead of the regular monthly luncheon meeting. Guests of honor for the affair will be Mrs. Carl Voss, state president; Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, state executive vice-president, and Mrs. Warner Clark of San Francisco, northern vice-president. The guests of honor will speak informally. Members are asked to come and bring anyone interested in the League and its work.

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CONCERT ASSOCIATION OPENS SERIES TONIGHT

The Watsonville Concert Association will open its series of three concerts sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting company tonight at the memorial hall with Iso Briselli, young violin virtuoso. Briselli has studied with Auer and Fleisch in Berlin and with Albert Meiff of New York. He has played with some of the finest symphony orchestras in this country and has had a joint recital with Josef Hofman.

Dorothy Flaherty's mother, Mrs. Mark Rifenbark, of San Jose, visited with Dorothy and Rex over the week-end after having spent Thanksgiving together at Rio Del Mar.

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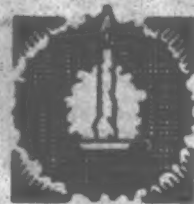
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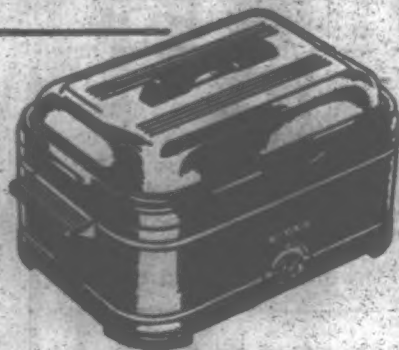
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Appeal For Better Post Office Service Off to Washington

(Continued from Page One)

the names of subscribers beginning with the same initial letter. It so happens that of the five who missed their papers two names began with "B," one with "M," one with "R" and one with "S." It just couldn't be done.

Who distributed the mail Thursday morning? We don't know. We don't care. We are not concerned. We are interested in the service we get from the Carmel post office. As far as we are concerned it is a unit—it is a unit, we might add, of rank inefficiency.

This letter to Mr. Howes calls for action and should get it. If it doesn't we are inclined to change our politics. That man Landon couldn't possibly do as badly as this.

Appeal to Washington

November 30, 1937

Mr. W. W. Howes,
First Assistant Postmaster General,
Washington, D.C.

My dear Mr. Howes:

This letter accompanies a petition from 46 residents of Carmel, California, and its environs, and users of the Carmel Post Office, asking that you investigate conditions in the Carmel Post Office and take what steps are necessary to give us relief from the present inefficiency in service there which tends continually to our annoyance and, often, our material loss.

There are not as many names on this petition as I, the instigator of it, hoped and expected there would be. The reasons for this will perhaps be obvious to you, but permit me to state them. In the first place, Carmel is not a large community and many users of the post office who have been distracted by the deplorable service they have been receiving are nevertheless reluctant to sign their names to a public protest because of friendship and business connections with families of those employed in the post office. Others have expressed the fear that in some way the United States government might sentence them to Alcatraz for criticizing a federal function. From others I have obtained the expressed conviction: "Why, if I sign that I never will get any mail."

So, while this petition contains only 46 signatures, I can give to your investigators three times again as many names of those who willingly will cite instances of inefficiency the like of which it will be difficult for you to believe.

In the columns of THE CYMBAL during the past month I have printed dozens of stories from post office users of their particular troubles, and, too, I have cited my personal experiences and those of THE CYMBAL. I will not encumber this letter with a repetition of these revelations, but files of THE CYMBAL in which they are contained are available to your investigators.

For your enlightenment, if I may so presume, and as an initial aid to you in your investigation, may I herewith submit two pieces of evidence which, I believe, plainly manifest just what is fundamentally wrong in the Carmel post office:

Three weeks ago the Carmel postmaster caused to be published in a Carmel newspaper an announcement of "staff assignments," giving the names of postal clerks and the sections of boxes in which they would hereafter distribute mail. This announcement contained the following paragraph:

"The member of the force to whom the boxing of mail to the following specified boxes is assigned will be held com-

pletely responsible for the accuracy of such boxing within the limits of this assignment."

(Parenthetically may I ask: Will be held responsible by whom? By the box holders? If so, are we, when mail is improperly placed in our box, to check on the published assignment, whistle the offending clerk up to the window and slap his face or publicly berate him for his inefficiency? If, as it should be, that the clerk is to be held responsible by the postmaster, what concern is it of the long-suffering box holder who the clerk is?)

Recently I found in THE CYMBAL's box—1800—a letter plainly addressed by typewriter: "The Californian, Box 1796." On the face of the envelope I wrote: "Not Cymbal and not Box 1800" and handed the letter in at the window. In the next issue of the Californian appeared an item relating that the letter had been received by the editor and on the reverse side of the envelope had been written: "Apologies of this office for the error of Distributor Rowntree, who is usually accurate," and signed "Elaine C." and under this another note: "Had last evening off, though usually evening distributor," and signed "I.C." To help you understand this I can explain that "Elaine C." is the name of a Carmel postal clerk and "I.C." are the initials of the Carmel postmaster.

Now, dispensing with parentheses, may I ask you what kind of discipline that sort of thing maintains in the Carmel post office? What kind of efficiency could one expect out of an organization manifest in that sort of nonsense? Can't you hear General Pershing if and after he lost a battle in the World War: "Sorry, but you can't blame me for that one; Top Sergeant Jim Smith over on the right flank, and Private Bill Jones over on the left—they did it."

So, I have given you an idea of our troubles, and I have cited what I consider plainly show the root of them. May I add that there is absolutely nothing personal in this protest or in this petition. As for THE CYMBAL's part in it, my personal relations with the postmaster and with those on the post office staff whom I know, have always been amicable and friendly. I am sure that this is also true of those who have signed the petition.

Nor is there anything political in it. The editor and the publishers of THE CYMBAL worked hard and long to help return the present administration at Washington, and in the list of signers of the petition I recognize both Republicans and Democrats.

Solely in the hope of obtaining efficient postal service in Carmel is this petition being sent to you. Solely in the hope of aiding the petitioners and scores of others who have not the courage to sign the petition has THE CYMBAL initiated this appeal to you. And may I add that the signatures that follow were obtained through no solicitation other than announcement in the columns of this paper that the petition was available for signature.

Yours very truly,

W. K. BASSETT
Editor, THE CYMBAL

Accompanying this letter is the following petition:

TO THE FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

We, the undersigned residents of the postal district served by the Carmel, California, Post Office, do herewith express our dissatisfaction with the service rendered by the

said Post Office, and respectfully ask for relief from conditions that are not only increasingly annoying but in many instances materially costly to us.

Each of us who has signed this petition can provide you or your investigators with information in specific instances of the inefficient service rendered us, and we stand ready to do so.

We state emphatically and sincerely that politics in no way enters into the reason for this petition. This can easily be determined by an investigator from your office.

May we respectfully ask that action be taken on this request for relief and that an acknowledgment be sent to the editor of THE CYMBAL, P. O. Box 1800, Carmel, California.

(Signed) D. W. Hand, Elizabeth Crane, Dr. Nora Stevens, W. K. Bassett, Washington B. Vanderlip, Ralph A. Coote, Mary K. Morton, M. DeNeale Morgan, Mrs. James F. Cunningham, Norma L. Pierce, Harold O. Crane, Francis Whitaker, Alice M. Gillett, John Cocke, Eva J. Douglass, C. A. Steinmetz, Mary T. C. Ralston, Elaine Frisbie, Mrs. Alice Askew, Ida M. Theurer, Nora Harnden, J. F. Barrett, Linda H. Dorcy, F. A. Wermuth, Robert Lee Enderson, E. Wermuth, Rene Willson Moore, P. A. McCreery, Richard W. Johnson, W. E. Tut-hill, Fred Ammerman, H. M. Watson, Charles E. Weaver, Margaret F. Logan, R. C. Fraser, Mrs. W. B. Vanderlip, Emelie Coote, Edith E. Larson, Nellie B. Taylor, Helen Ware Burt, Eleanor W. Yates, El-speth Rose, Ellen Rose, Edith Mc-Alpine, E. A. H. Watson, Tilly Polak.

+ + +

Menu at Sunset Next Week

Monday: Cream of tomato soup, Chicago salad, macaroni and cheese, string beans, ice cream.

Tuesday: Tomato bouillon soup, pineapple salad, baked lima beans, carrots, fruit pudding.

Wednesday: ABC soup, fruit salad, beef stew, diced beets, ice cream.

Thursday: Vegetable soup, mold-ed vegetable salad, candied sweet potatoes, spinach, orange delight.

Friday: Bean soup, carrot salad, creamed salmon and peas, artichokes, ice cream.

And, in addition, milk, fruit, hot rolls, etc., are served daily.

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BRIDGE TOURNAMENTS START AT MISSION RANCH CLUB

Bridge tournaments at the Mission Ranch Club began Monday night with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Clark and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Robley going off with the high honors. David Eldridge, manager of the club, has announced another Keeno party for Wednesday, December 13. The first one proved so successful that the next will be worked out on the same plan with turkeys, ducks, groceries, etc., as prizes. Eldridge is busy fixing up the tap room with a new fireplace and new decorations which will double the attractions of the spot.

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POLICE RAKE IN DRIVERS WHO IGNORE STOPS

Police records for the month of November show 18 arrests, most of them for traffic violations. In the first two days of this month there are already seven arrests which are going some chunks. Six of them are for failure to stop at the new "stop" signs installed near Sunset School. Officers are strongly thinking of sending the offenders into the First Grade at the school so that they can learn to read S-T-O-P.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BUILD A NEW HOME—You select your own plan and arrange for the builder. Select any unsold site in the Mission Tract. We will arrange for financing the entire cost of lot and house. Initial payment 20 per cent of total cost, balance monthly. For further information see Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Building on Ocean Avenue. (19)

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—faces both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (21)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

STUDIO APARTMENT in Carmel Highlands available. Ocean and mountain view. P. O. Box 1882, Carmel, or Tel. Carmel 2R2. (26)

FOR RENT—studio apartment with kitchenette. Downtown location. References exchanged. Address L-18, Cymbal Office, Carmel. (22)

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

THINGS TO COME

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MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theater. Ocean and Mission. Tonight and Saturday, Joan Blondell and Pat O'Brien in "Back in Circulation" and Nino Martini and Joan Fontaine in "Music for Madame." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, "Ali Baba Goes to Town" starring Eddie Cantor. Wednesday, Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in "High, Wide and Handsome." Thursday and Friday, Joe Penner and Gene Raymond in "Life of the Party" and Maureen O'Sullivan and Edna Mae Oliver in "My Dear Miss Aldrich."

MUSIC

Carmel Music Society opens the Winter Series tomorrow night, December 4, at 8:30 at Sunset Auditorium. Rudolf Serkin, pianist. Tickets at Thoburns, Carmel 62, or call Mrs. Paul Flanders, Carmel 22.

Vesper recital, Sunday afternoon at 4:45 at the Presbyterian Church, 404 Franklin Street, Monterey, Richard Wissmueller, organist.

Musical Arts Club Christmas program, December 10, at Country Club. Carols, chorales and symphony music.

NATIVITY PLAY

Thursday, December 16, in Sunset Auditorium. Annual Nativity play by pupils of Sunset School.

MEETINGS

Carmel Woman's Club, monthly meeting, Monday, December 6, at 2:30 at Pine Inn. New members day. Noel Sullivan in a program of songs.

DRAMA

Carmel Players present A. A. Milne's "Make Believe" Thursday and Saturday evenings, December 23 and 25 and Friday matinee, December 24, at Filmarte Theater.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at La Ribera Hotel, group readings of Shakespearean plays. Visitors and

Miscellaneous FOR SALE

HOMEMADE fudge and panocha, cookies, cakes and plum puddings. Jane's Cake Shop and English Tea Room. Dolores opposite Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

FOR SALE—Two new sets of books. One set for children, ages 1 to 14, and Harvard Classics. Box 944, Carmel. (24)

OWNER HAS '35 Chevrolet Town sedan in good condition. Gone only 6000 miles. Will consider good light '30 model coupe for part of my equity. No dealers. Phone Carmel 18. (23)

FOR SALE—Used grand piano in very good condition. Price, \$250. Post office box 1856.

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

EUROPEAN MASSAGE. Packs for colds. IDA HANKE. Telephone, Carmel 832. (tf)

DEL MONTE MASSAGE parlor. Reducing treatments. Swedish massage. Bob Bissel. Del Monte Hotel. (26)

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS

aren't getting greater week after week without a very good reason

readers welcome. The play now being read is "Merchant of Venice."

PISTOL CLUB

Carmel Pistol Club meets every second Tuesday in month in basement of P.G. & E. building on Dolores at 8:30 p.m. Election of officers December 14.

FORUM

George Slocombe, speaker. Sunset Auditorium, Thursday, December 9. Open to the public.

MARIONETTE THEATER

John and Mitzel's Marionette and Dance Studio. Mountain View at Eighth, across from the Forest Theater. Performances Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Phone Carmel 728 for reservations.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.

Insure Your Car

in the Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co. Assets over \$27,000,000.00. Dividends to policy holders. Non-assessable policies and Saving with Safety! Nation-wide service.

Ted K. Clark

Insurance • All Kinds
245 Alvarado Street
Phone Monterey 8106

Mc DONALD DAIRY

SAN CARLOS NEAR OCEAN

Morning and...
Evening Delivery

FULL LINE DAIRY PRODUCTS

Ices & Ice Cream
Delivered on Call

Telephone Gene at Carmel 700

Humane Society Makes Report

(Continued from Page One)
from January 1, 1937, and brought up to the minute of midnight, November 30, 1937.

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------|
| Cash balance, January 1, 1937 | 272.24 |
| Receipts | |
| Licenses, Monterey | 845.50 |
| Licenses, Pac. Grove | 574.93 |
| Licenses, Carmel | 392.10 |
| David Ave. Shelter fees | 193.50 |
| Monterey Co. Grant | 540.00 |
| Monterey City Grant | 222.02 |
| Pac. Grove Grant | 300.00 |
| Carmel Grant | 200.00 |
| Memberships | 79.00 |
| Truck hire to county | 514.40 |
| Gifts and donations | 995.64 |

4552.88

Aggregate 4825.12

| | |
|------------------------------|---------|
| Disbursements | |
| Salaries, Shelter foremen | 1540.31 |
| Salaries, ambulance drivers | 299.27 |
| Telephone service | 105.05 |
| Gas and electricity | 113.33 |
| Water | 23.25 |
| Gasoline, tires, etc. | 304.97 |
| Cat and dog feed, medicine | 295.15 |
| Rent of Marina Shelter | 185.00 |
| Administration Expense | |
| Allowance to Mrs. L. J. Dob- | |
| bins for humane work | 160.00 |
| Accounting fees | 22.70 |
| G.S. Curtis, travel expenses | 21.00 |
| Fire insur. premium | 37.30 |
| Stationery, office supplies | 43.28 |
| Permanent Investments | |
| Payments on real estate, | |
| building | 910.61 |
| Payments on equipment | 727.36 |

Total disbursements 4788.38

Cash balance, November 30, 1937 36.74

So, there you have it—a financial report from the Humane Society, apparently showing that everything is on the up-and-up as far as money received and money paid out are concerned.

We can't seem to find anything in it that looks like skulduggery, but the skulduggery may be there, for all that. If it is, let somebody show us and we'll expose 'em. We don't like this fellow Curtis, anyway—he's Republican and we question whether Republicans are kind to dogs.

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS turn merchandise into dollars—and find dogs.

Helen McLachlan To Be Married Tomorrow

Helen A. McLachlan of the Carmel Investment company and secretary of the Carmel Business Association for the past year or two, leaves Carmel today to make her home in Atascadero, California.

But before she establishes that home she goes tomorrow to San Luis Obispo where some time during the day she becomes Mrs. Clifford L. Hicks.

Helen has lived in Carmel for five years and has been one of the best known of our business women. She has many friends who will be interested in the news of her marriage. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McLachlan of Iowa City, Iowa. She has a master's degree from the University of Iowa and in college was a member of the Delta Zeta sorority and of Mortar Board, senior women's honor society.

Tomorrow when she stands up and answers questions that will make her Mrs. Clifford Hicks she

will wear a street length dress of gold metal cloth and brown satin. Her hat will be brown, with a veil and brown accessories. She will wear an orchid corsage.

Hicks? Oh, yes, Hicks is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Hicks of Salinas and a graduate of the Salinas schools. He is associated with Brown & Gamble, California stockmen.

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JIMMIE WILLIAMS TO CARRY ON WITH CURTIS STORE

James T. Williams, who recently bought the Curtis Candy store and the two-story building it occupies, announces that he intends to carry on the business, with Miss Lilly Sandison as manager. Already he has revived the eats department, installing Billy Bishop as cook and extending the menu. The fountain service has been improved and the candy stock for Christmas has arrived and is ready for inspection. Williams is also planning improvements on the second floor where there are 12 rooms available to transients, and he is considering an addition to the building in the rear.

Get Your Evening Clothes Spruced Up!

that is... let us spruce them up for you

Carmel Cleaners
Dolores Street • Telephone 242

MRS. CHERRY MYERS WILD

El Carmelo Inn

"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME"

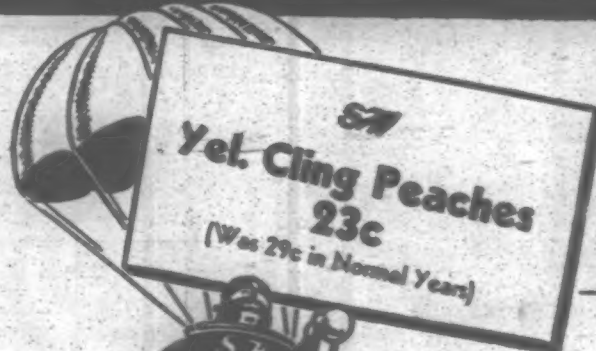
Catering to Business and Professional
Men's and Women's Clubs

Featuring
SUNDAY DINNERS AT 75c
with Turkey, Chicken or Ham

For Reservations for Parties Call Monterey 8970, 18th and Lighthouse, P.G.

S and W LEADS HOUSEWIVES' CRUSADE FOR LOW PRICES

TODAY'S prices on S&W Products are nearly one-third less than in the year 1926, which is recognized by the United States Government as the normal year for living costs. Buy S&W and save... not only on the varieties shown here, but on the entire S&W line of Fine Foods. True economy begins with QUALITY.



Cranberry Sauce
No. 1
16c

Nectarines (halves)
No. 2½
27c

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|------------|
| Gold. Bant. Corn No. 2 | 3 for .48 | 6 for .93 |
| Telephone Peas No. 2 | 3 for .51 | 6 for .97 |
| Deloro Corn No. 2 | 3 for .51 | 6 for .97 |
| Cut String Beans No. 2 | 3 for .51 | 6 for .97 |
| Tomato Juice No. 1 tall | 3 for .24 | 6 for .45 |
| Sauerkraut No. 2½ | 3 for .48 | 6 for .92 |
| Sliced Beets No. 2 | 3 for .45 | 6 for .87 |
| Fr'st'ne Peaches No. 2½ | 3 for .75 | 4 for 1.47 |
| Baby Lima Beans No. 2 | 3 for .66 | 6 for 1.29 |
| Pumpkin No. 2½ | 3 for .39 | 6 for .76 |
| Pineapple Juice No. 2 | 3 for .45 | 6 for .85 |
| Apricots No. 2½ | 3 for .84 | 6 for 1.64 |

Extra Large Olives
No. 1 Tall
16c

Salad Fruits
No. 2½
35c

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others have come and gone

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